

# ALBERTA RETAINS HALPENNY HOCKEY TROPHY

## Beats Sask. On Basis of Total Points

Golden Bears Hold Huskies to  
Draw in First Game, Losing  
Second by 4-3

### TOUGH SERIES

By Bill Kinsman

SASKATOON, Sask., Feb. 11.—Although Saskatchewan won the last game of the four-game Halpenny Cup series here tonight by a score of 4-3, Alberta retains possession of the cup for the next year. The Golden Bears scored their three goals in the first six minutes of play against a newly reorganized Saskatchewan team, but the Huskies picked up, and the rest of the game was played about the Alberta goal, with three of the four green and white counters being scored in the last half of the third period. Numerous penalties were given out on both sides.

### Stars Out

With Saskatchewan's star players, Jonsson and Wilson, out of the game, the first period opened slowly, and Alberta went up the ice three times in the first six minutes to score on the new team, Dunlap from Sharp, Sharp from Talbot, and Fortier from Stark. The last two were made while Saskatchewan had a man in the penalty box. The remainder of the game saw many penalties, both teams being reduced to three players on two occasions.

(Continued on Page 4)

## Varsities' Debate Over Canadian Radio Commission Network

### Alberta Loses to Saskatchewan Arguing on Merits of Juries

The resolution "That trial by jury has outlived its usefulness" was debated over the western network of the Canadian Radio Commission Friday night. The University of Alberta, represented by John MacDonald and Victor Chmelnitsky, spoke for the affirmative, while David Mundell and Alvin Hamilton of the University of Saskatchewan sought to prove that the jury has not outlived its usefulness.

**History of System Traced**  
Mr. MacDonald traced the history of the evolution of the jury, and showed that the present Anglo-Saxon jury is the gift of William the Conqueror. He showed that during the middle ages and for some time thereafter the idea behind the jury system was to have trial by one's peers. Mr. MacDonald contended that the sole function of the jury is the ascertainment of fact, and that in an age of specialization such as this, ascertainment of fact can only be accomplished by men who by training and experience have qualified themselves for the duty.

**Jury System Cannot be Corrected**  
In following up his colleague's argument, Mr. Chmelnitsky took as his major contentions "that the jury system cannot be adapted or corrected" and "that another system of administering justice would meet the situation without introducing evils which the jury has."

He showed that most jury men lack experience, and in few cases is a juror found who has served before, for if he has he is considered to have done his duty, and so is excused from further service. This lack of experience tends toward bewilderment and confusion, which hinders the course of justice.

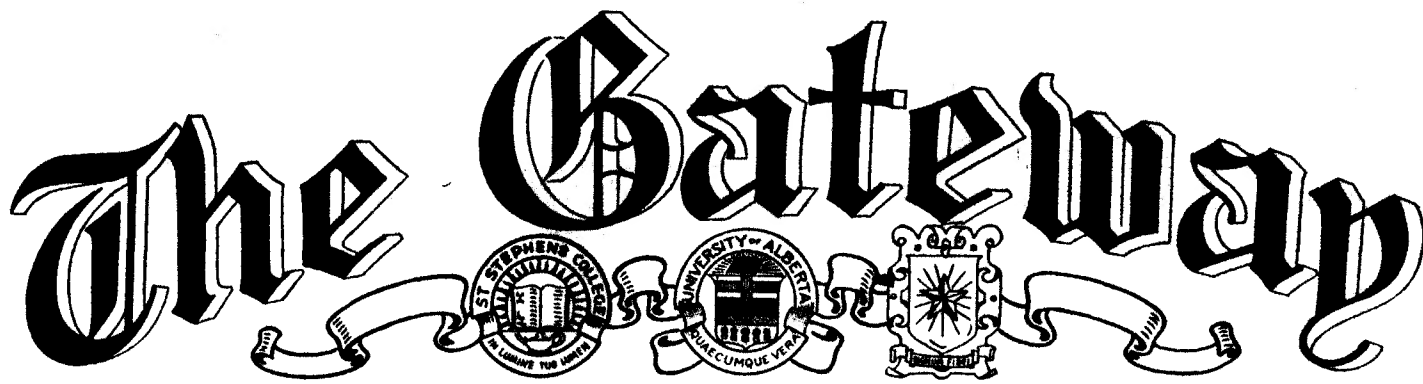
Mr. Mundell and Mr. Hamilton presented an excellent argument in favor of trial by jury, and in the opinion of the judges, unanimously won the battle.

Mr. Mundell as leader of the negative side, contended that the jury did remain as an effective fact finding body. He showed that the relative inexpensiveness of the jury system was a distinct factor in its favor. According to his argument, the jury preserves the confidence of the people in our criminal administration, and should therefore be maintained as the best method of dispensing of present-day justice.

**Jury Protection to Democracy**  
Mr. Hamilton dealt with other alternatives than the jury system, and showed that greater advantages are not offered by these alternatives. In order to maintain democracy in our country, the right of trial by jury must persist because it is a protection against too much state control. The law is kept practical by the present system, Mr. Hamilton contended.



Wed., Feb. 12—4:30, Chem. Society.  
8:15, Philosophical Society; Stanley Smith, "Modern Alchemy."  
Thurs., Feb. 13—8:15, University International Relations Club; Wilson Woodside, "A Philosophic Vagabond in Russia."  
Sat., Feb. 15—C.O.T.C. inspection.



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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1936

FOUR PAGES

## "Mikado" Scores Hit Before Packed Houses

### U.B.C. COMMENCES CAMPAIGN TO RAISE UNION BUILDING FUNDS

Feature Article Appear in Vancouver "Province" Sunday Magazine  
and "Ubyssy" Boosting Project

A feature article appearing in the February 1st edition of the Vancouver Province Sunday Magazine, under the caption of "Student Crusaders," tells of plans for the new Students' Union Building that is to be erected on the U.B.C. campus this summer.

An entire front page layout with a six-column sketch of the proposed \$150,000 structure across the bottom part of the page, brings home to the 85,000 subscribers of the Vancouver Daily Province the fact that the "spirit of the 'great campaign' still lives, as U.B.C. enters its twenty-first year," to quote a sub-head on the page.

Part of the Province story reads as follows:

"The latest scheme to call for unified student endeavor, the Brock Memorial Building, was originated in 1928 by a group of far-seeing co-eds who decided that some sort of structure was needed on the campus to serve as social and recreational centre for women students. Several Varsity social functions were held, and all profits were deposited in a trust account, there to remain until such time as sufficient funds might be raised to begin construction of a Women's Union Building. Small sums have been added to the fund each year, and \$10,000 is waiting to be used.

"During the sessions of 1933-34 the original plans were changed. It was decided that a Students' Union Building for both men and women would be preferable.

"Then, in July of last year, an airplane crash at Alta Lake, B.C., claimed the lives of Dean R. W. Brock of the Faculty of Applied Science and Mrs. Brock.

"Since the fatal accident many of those associated with Dean and Mrs. Brock during the long years of their connection with the college have felt that some permanent memorial should be erected as token of the universal esteem in which they were held. Early in the fall term, Students' Council of the Alma Mater Society, under the enthusiastic leadership of President Bernard Brynson, began planning for the \$150,000 Brock Memorial. Interest of various University associations was aroused, and both Board of Governors and Senate offered assistance in carrying out the project.

"The new building, for which excavations will be started soon, so that the cornerstone may be laid during Graduation Week late in May, will serve as recreation centre for both men and women students. It is expected that the structure will be completed and ready for occupation when the next fall term begins in September."

In the latest edition of The Ubyssy, University of British Columbia undergraduate newspaper, received at The Gateway office this week, is a special Brock Memorial Building Supplement, given over entirely to the cause of the new \$150,000 proposed Union Building. Printed on blue-green paper, it contains large pictures of Dean and Mrs. Brock in addition to student officials connected with the drive for funds.

### NOTICE

The Chemistry Society will meet on Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 4:30 p.m., in Med 142. Mr. T. L. Cairns will speak on "Chemotherapy." Tea will be served. Everybody welcome.

## Wide Variety Radio Programs Favored on Campus

Radio personalities change from year to year, and dance bands come and go. New programs are continually being evolved, working in talent of every description. Opera is presented, and the nation's best symphony and philharmonic orchestras are heard in weekly series. Once a day at least the air lines are cleared for news of the world. Drama has been revolutionized for its new field of radio, and comedians advertise everything from gasoline to "Jello."

It is the latter type of program that a great portion of the students of this University acclaim the loudest. In fact, upon being closely questioned, it would seem that they rush right home from wherever they happen to be to hear Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny every Sunday night. The sitting rooms in the residences, at this time, take on the aspect of a six o'clock Saturday night street car. If one is unfortunate enough to be a guest at someone's house during the progress of either or both of these programs, one is practically shoved into the den, and the radio turned on so loudly as to make further con-

### TORONTO GRAD TELLS OF THRILLS OF WANDERLUST

Witnessed Nazi Blood Purge During the Course of His European Travels

### USED BICYCLE

In an interview with the Vagabond Philosopher, a Gateway reporter succeeded in worming out of him some events of his thrilling past. Mr. Wilson Woodside's history reads like a book. Graduating in 1930 from the Faculty of Applied Science of the University of Toronto, he joined the staff there for a few months, but finding life too uninteresting, left Toronto to seek adventure. He applied for a position of baggage master for a tourist agency, but was immediately accepted as escort for a party of tourists leaving for France, Germany and other countries in Europe.

### Travelled by Bicycle

When this position came to an end, Mr. Woodside found himself in Europe with a little money and nothing to do. He bought a bicycle and commenced to roam throughout the continent. "Travelling obliged me to write letters to my friends," he stated. "They obliged me to write with greater detail concerning my wanderings. This obliged me to write articles."

These articles he submitted to Toronto Saturday night, and they were immediately accepted. Later, he applied for admission to the League of Nations' session in Geneva, and on being asked for his credentials, he replied that he was a correspondent for that newspaper. His good fortune still stuck with him. He was given a press card and was admitted into the press gallery of the League Assembly, together with some of the foremost correspondents of the world!

### Witnessed Blood Purge

In his travels he has witnessed many thrilling events. During the stirring days of the Nazi Blood Purge of June, 1934, he found himself in Berlin, and was acquainted with quite a few of the officials who were executed. At one time, he confesses, he was ejected from a leading hotel in Berlin for failing to salute the Nazi flag. Many other incidents make this man one of the most interesting personalities of our time.

While in Europe he took numerous pictures of the life and customs of the people he met, and although he had difficulty in taking some of these out of a few countries, he has a complete photographic record of his travels. He intends to return to Europe next summer and make films along the lines of the "March of Time," in Germany, Russia and elsewhere.

At present he is touring Canada under the auspices of the Canadian clubs. His illustrated lecture on "A Philosophic Vagabond in Russia," to be held Thursday night, Feb. 13, in Convocation Hall, should prove to be one of the most interesting lectures to be presented here.

### Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra Popular; Major Bowes Ranks High; Wayne King Favorite

### DANCE BANDS TOPS

By "Billie" Ferguson  
variation impossible. However, if you can't appreciate Eddie Cantor's sense of humor, you'll be sure to like the singing that goes with it. And of you aren't reduced to helplessness by Benny's wisecracks and Mary's detached, unperturbed answers, you may find solace in the admission, "this is silly, but it sells jello."

Then there are those who follow the fashion in dance bands. This admits of a wide divergence in opinion. One type wouldn't think of missing Wayne King on Sunday evenings, and solemnly avow that he is responsible for our waiting that they are able to do.

Miniature radio sets are quite the thing now, and no well-organized room should be without one. The people who own them fairly teem with opinions on programs. It seems that after half-an-hour of brain twisting concentration,

### Little Theatre Group Carries Drama Festival

Varsity Play Wins Much Favorable Commendation, But Fails to Place

By Paul Malone

CALGARY, Feb. 11.—The Dominion Dramatic Festival at Ottawa next June will not see "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," produced by the University of Alberta dramatic society.

Instead, from Alberta, they will witness "Literature," the Edmonton Little Theatre group entry in the provincial dramatic festival which was concluded here Saturday evening following presentation of 11 plays by amateur dramatic enthusiasts from all parts of Alberta.

"Boccaccio's Untold Tale" was presented Saturday evening, the ninth play on the program. When the curtain rang down on the 14th century Italian set, emotions of the audience had been profoundly stirred by romantic Florentine interlude.

The cast made an impressive appearance. Margaret Aldwinkle and Kathleen Beach, the feminine performers, were two of the loveliest and most capable actresses in the entire festival. Eleanor Swallow, in a difficult character piece, was particularly commended by the adjudicator, Allan Wade, of London.

Harper Prowse, clad in yellow silk and black velvet, was easily the most striking leading man in all the plays. The chanting chorus, to the surprise of all, was particularly praised by the adjudicator. In it were Ralph Auxier, master-singer, Robin Ritchie, Mat Davis, Jack Brenneagh, Cliff Elson and Paul Malone.

But, despite the fact, that all who saw the play were profoundly impressed and considered the piece of almost if not equal merit with "Literature," Mr. Wade failed to rank it among the first three.

The reason, said the adjudicator, was that Varsity chose the wrong play. "They did marvelously well with an extremely difficult play," he declared. "The lines they spoke in delightfully poetic fashion that caught the spirit of the drama perfectly. The set was excellent and the direction all that could be expected."

"But, to be truly good, the play requires dramatic abilities that lie above what might be expected of amateur players. Finely polished acting is necessary for the all-important climaxes to make an unreal thing seem real. Miss Swallow I must particularly compliment. The director, Mary Sutherland, deserves unstinted praise for the truly fine effect that was accomplished. Miss Aldwinkle and Miss Beach acquitted themselves very well indeed, but, as I said before, it is unfortunate that such a fine company chose a play that was slightly beyond their capabilities."

Miss Eva Howard assisted with the direction.

Mr. Wade ranked the first three plays in the following order: (1) "Literature," by the Edmonton Little Theatre group; (2) "They Refuse to be Resurrected," by the Calgary Theatre Guild, and (3) "What Never Dies," by the Innisfail Amateur Players club.

A delightful encouragement to the Varsity players Saturday evening was the presence in the audience of Dr. R. C. Wallace, honorary president of the Alberta Drama League which annually sponsors the festival. Dr. Wallace spoke briefly before Mr. Wade announced the winning plays.

they glance up and discover that Will Osborne's been on for ten minutes. This still leaves twenty minutes to sway around to the smoothest music this side of heaven. After proper relaxation of this sort, studying is resumed for another hour or so.

This time it's Fletcher Henderson, and the ensuing half-hour is apt to be very discommoding, to put it mildly. Playing from the Grand Terrace Cafe in Chicago, this very tall, lanky, colored man sets the pace with his own composition and signature number, "Christopher Columbus." Gather round, all you epicures of rhythm, and hear that tenor player swing it. It's the most deliberately dance-provoking stimulant you'll ever hear.

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour also ranks high on this campus, and the progress of the contestants, as they imitate the croys of wild birds, play twenty-one different instruments, sing blues without any lessons, is closely followed and speculated upon. It is even possible to conceive of this program as being the source of that agitation for an University Amateur Hour.

### GILBERT, SULLIVAN COMIC OPERA PLEASES CRITICAL AUDIENCES

Exceptionally Fine Interpretation Given by Philharmonic Society—  
Excellent Costuming and Scenic Effects Obtained

### ORCHESTRA GOOD

BY W. A. WILSON

The Philharmonic Society's presentation of the Mikado in Convocation Hall last Friday and Saturday evenings was an exceptionally fine interpretation of the popular Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. Despite some weaknesses, to be expected in amateurs, the performance as a whole was commendable. The direction was by Mr. Harry Prevey, conductor, Mr. T. W. Dalkin, dramatic, and Mrs. T. Gardner, chorus.

Mr. Jacques Sylvestre's interpretation of Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado, was exceptionally fine throughout. Possessed of both a fine tenor voice and the necessary dramatic ability he did much to contribute to the success of the opera. Of the other male characters Mr. W. G. Stillman as Ko-Ko, Lord High executioner, was the most noteworthy. He seemed to catch the mood of the part and carried it through well to the end. Despite a good entrance, Mr. John Bradley was unsuited to his role as the Mikado. His voice lacked the strength necessary for adequate interpretation of the part.

Miss Margaret Hutton, as the desirable but rather vain Yum Yum, possesses a voice of remarkable range and purity. A slight inaudibility and a tendency towards affectation in dialogue somewhat detracted from an otherwise excellent performance. Miss Roberta Collins and Miss Margaret Bailey were convincingly mischievous as the maids from school. Miss Lillian Bawley, as Katisha, an elderly lady who has been betrothed to Nanki-Poo, gave the best feminine performance of the evening. Her interpretation was remarkably good, showing at all times complete control of the part.

The orchestra was, on the whole, very good but at times showed a tendency to become too predominant. Excellent costuming and scenic effects combined with the chorus to provide the final touch to a fine performance.

### Dr. Irene Parlbey Speaker League of Nations Club

Dr. Irene Parlbey, speaking to the Edmonton Branch of the League of Nations in St. Joseph's College Monday evening, said that although we may suffer from a sense of humiliation because of certain proposals put forward by the British and French representatives of the League, we must not judge them too harshly, but must use our intelligence in trying find a constructive program for the League.

She warned against the attitude of merely waiting for something better to replace the capitalistic system, remarking that instead of waiting for the world to fall about our ears, we must try to prevent further catastrophes by building up a universal collective system. The idea of isolation, according to her views, was futile in the present-day world.

### Weakness of Government Doubt

Mrs. Parlbey claimed that the greatest weakness of the governments was doubt as to where the people stand, and that the greatest weakness of the League was timidity in facing questions of means of enforcement.

With regard to the disarmament question, she declared that prejudices in Europe prevent that feeling of security without which disarmament is impossible. Due to the increase in armaments, social progress has been impaired and impeded. The only way to save the League and the world is to face the question, "What can we put in place of armaments?" An International Police Force has been suggested as a solution. However, if we in Canada wish the protection of the proposed force, it would be necessary that we contribute to its number.

**Suffering Result Withdrawn Sanctions**  
The speaker went on to say that we must insist upon the discontinuation of all private diplomacy, as this has no part in the collective system, and is one of the League's great weaknesses. She cautioned against the adoption of any policy which would debilitate that which has already been done. If the sanctions against the aggressor were withdrawn and long, drawn-out sanctions substituted, the result would be suffering for the oppressed and loss of morale in the League.

Mrs. Parlbey deplored the fact that League affairs are frequently drawn into party politics, whereas it should be the mouthpiece of the people, and not of one governmental party. She suggested that the establishment of a tribunal which would be empowered to deal with the claims of the different

### NOTICE

#### Athletic Committee Election Returns

The following are declared elected:  
Hugh Arnold,  
Guy Morton,  
Bob Gibson,  
Mary McBeth,  
Tony Whiteside.

The committee will meet this afternoon.

#### Students Throng About Bulletin Boards as Final Time-Tables Announced

A feeling of depression has pervaded the atmosphere in Varsity circles these last few days. Aponderous gloom hangs about the area immediately adjacent to the official notice board. The first draft of final examination time tables has been posted! The first exam is only two months from today! Little groups are seen huddled in corners, and we catch occasional pessimistic utterings: "Well, I don't graduate this year. Two exams the same day! Tsk! Tsk!"

It's a great life!

#### CATHOLIC CHARITIES BALL

One of the outstanding charity events of the winter season, the Catholic Charities formal ball is being held in the Macdonald hotel on Friday evening next. Dr. and Mrs. Wallace are among those who have lent their patronage to the affair. Tickets can be obtained from Paul Malone.

countries who felt that they were being unfairly treated might in part offer a solution to present international conditions.

In concluding, Mrs. Parlbey hoped that she had not appeared too militaristic in her views.

The chairman was Rev. George Macdonald, pastor of Knox Church, and president of the Edmonton Branch of the League, and Mrs. Parlbey was introduced by Dr. Wallace, President of the University of Alberta.

#### GOODNESS GRACIOUS SAKES ALIVE!!

Joe Gloop strolled cautiously down the very dark street, a great, big story stuffed into the corner of his mouth. Approaching the dark alley, his heart missed a beat as he bumped into a crowd of howling hoodlums.

"Uh—uh—who—where are you fellows going?" he managed to gag.

"We're going to the—well—the—Aw, gee, we ain't doing nothing, Mr. Gloop."

Turnning to another one of the a little, continued his investigation. toughest looking mugs, Joe, heartened "All right, you. Come across with a little dope. Where are you going?"

"Well, you see Inspector, it's like this. We were just strolling along, doin' nothin', see, when this guy comes up to us and sez—"

"All right, all right," sez Joe, quick like. "So you won't talk, eh?" And he proceeded to hose the boys properly.

Finally the toughest of the lot broke down, crying like a baby, 'cause he suddenly remembered his mother in Arkansas, and sez:

"O.K. Mr. Gloop. I'll talk. You see, we were just going—well—you see—aw, hell, we were just on our way to THE FRESHMAN HOP."



Hugh McIntyre being wakened up at the Mikado.  
Tom Dixon making up for lost time on Saturday night.  
Bob Zender stepping off the train from Saskatoon with a smile on his face but many bags under his eyes.  
Phyllis Montgomery celebrating on Saturday night, or was it Sunday morning?  
Jack Corbett nursing an injured eye.  
Clarence Algot scoring a goal for the Engineers.  
Bob Brown attending a lecture.  
Mary Hindley at the Shasta, too late for any little girl.  
Paul Malone and Ralph Auxier weaving down Eighth Avenue, Calgary, over the week-end.





## THE GATEWAY

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## "WE PROTEST"

We protest against the new system in the library whereby all students except those reading for honors are barred from the stacks. With the handling of the reference books there can be no quarrel—it is undoubtedly necessary.

We admit the virtue of the new system—there is less wear and tear on the books, a smaller number are lost, and the stacks are undoubtedly tidier. In fact, the library authorities are fulfilling admirably the motto of the lady in Lewis's "Main Street"—the chief duty of a librarian is to preserve the books.

But should that be the purpose of a university library? Should it not be rather to induce people to read? Practically every professor has expressed at one time or another his hurt surprise at our lack of general information and the low grade of our outside reading. We admit the fault. But we submit some defense. A great many of us come from homes and schools where books are very few. Outside of the few classics included in the English courses in high school, we have had little or no opportunity of becoming acquainted with good books. We have come to University anxious to read anything, everything. But we don't know the names of the books or the names of the authors. We could find them if we were allowed the freedom of hunting through the book-shelves ourselves, of taking down one book after another, spending an hour or two with one we find interesting. Of course we have a card index system, efficient and neat, with all the titles type-written in black, the name of the authors in red, and a row of mysterious letters and figures—and all as cold and forbidding as a steel vault. Would you be tempted to read "Y 75 e.u. 3 Fletcher, James Elroy, Complete Poems of," if you had never opened the book and read that magic line, "We take the golden road to Samarkand"?

And even if a title is appealing enough to reach you from a prim card, your interest rapidly evaporates while you stand in line at the desk, while you apologetically ask an harassed librarian for it, and she scurries down the steps.

Our opinion is that it is not the honor students, or even the senior students, who most need stack room privileges. It is the freshmen. Honor students know what to read—they are the ones who could use the card-index system properly.

It would be interesting to find out if there has been a decrease in the general reading of the students, particularly the junior students, since the library restrictions were enforced. We feel sure that there has been a decrease. The reference books given in each course are undoubtedly valuable, but we contend that books discovered by the student for himself are infinitely more important. How is discrimination in reading to be developed without free access to the books?

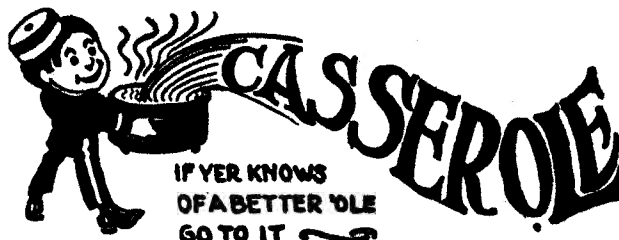
But if all this cannot be changed, if the sheep must be divided from the goats, why should the goats pay the same fee? Five dollars is a considerable sum of money to any student, and it is manifestly unfair to make all students pay that amount, while only a few are allowed to exercise any privileges. It seems to us undemocratic in the extreme.

We have heard some grumblings of discontent at the system, but no definite complaint has, to our knowledge, been brought to the authorities. We believe that it is very possible, even probable, that they are unaware of the hardship the new restrictions are causing. That is the purpose of this editorial—to place our position as fairly as possible before them. We hope that it will be considered, and that students of our University will not have cause to say, "We asked ye for books and ye gave us a filing system."

## MATT SHAW TO SPEAK HERE

The Political Science Club must certainly be hard up for speakers. Matt Shaw has been booked to speak here under the auspices of the club next Friday afternoon. Mr. Shaw's chief claim to fame is his connection with the On-to-Ottawa trek of last summer, which culminated in the Regina Dominion Day riot. We always had the idea that the Political Science Club was organized to promote lectures which would be not only entertaining, but also educational. We have frequently voiced objection to the political creed of the speaker in question, if it may be called such. But this is no objection to his political beliefs. It is merely a plea for a maintenance of the high standard of speakers which was set up when the club first came into existence and was taken into the Students' Union as an official club.

And we hesitate to bring up this eternal question of



Casper—And when I promised to marry her she asked for something more concrete.  
Bishop—I wonder what cement?

Enthusiastic Agent—Now, here is a house without a flaw.  
Harvard Grad—What do you walk on?

Bob Proctor was teeing off at the first hole, and three foursomes were waiting for him. At the first stroke, which had a world of power behind it, he missed the ball completely. Once more he missed the teed ball. This, in fact, happened four times. The crowd was embarrassed, but not so Bobby. With an engaging smile, he turned on them all: "Tough Course," he said.

The police officer approached the car stalled on the lonely road. "Here," he said, "Don't you know that it's against the law to mug and go on a public highway?"

A muffled voice from the darkness answered him with: "Aw, gee, officer, you know how it is. When you gotta goo, you gotta goo!"

Probably the main reason that marriages in the old days lasted so long, an exchange states, was that brides looked the same after washing their faces.

Bud Costigan—I could sit here and look at you forever.  
Marg Harkness—That's what I'm beginning to think.

Dr. Hardy tells us that they had to discontinue the Roman holidays because of the overhead. It seems that the lions were eating up all the prophets.

Gerry Mavor—Do you know what good clean fun is?  
Jack Garrett—I'll bite—what good is it?

It seems that two boxers were fighting the main bout at a small club. At the end of the first round the kid who was taking a bad beating limped to the corner and was ready to call it a night. His manager shouted, "Don't be a fool. He ain't laid a glove on you."

The same thing happened in the second round, and the soft-hearted manager repeated his speech. "That's swell. See, I told you he ain't layin' a glove on you."

In the third the blows bounced off the poor kid's head like a ball around a roulette table, and he managed to stagger into his corner. He looked up at his manager and roared: "Don't tell me. I know. He ain't laid a glove on me. Well, watch the referee, then, because somebody in that ring is giving me a helluva beating!"

Malone and Auxier deserve the bow this week for their practical display of ingenuing engineering in re the Street Car Mystery, or How to Get Home on Two-Bits. Ask them about it.

A fellow we know says his university sheepskin would come in handy right now—if the Dean had only left the sheep in it.

More Famous Last Words:  
Here's where I snap a picture right between the bars of the cage.

Oh, I guess one more little one won't hurt me.  
Sure, I know this road like a book, or I'd slow down on the curves.

I'm going straight home to mother.  
How can I get a shock when I'm standing on this wood?

Those trains always whistle a mile before they get to the crossing.  
Climb down out of that truck and say that!

Now watch me open that bottle without a corkscrew, just by applying a little leverage in the right place.

A Kain-Tuckian entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies. "Hey, Pa," the kid asked, "ain't Ma drinkin'?"

Fraternity Man—Do you know that our fraternity maintains seven homes for the feeble-minded?  
Rushee—I thought you had more chapters than that.

At Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va., co-eds are being encouraged to bring their knitting to classes. They must not, however, try to purl the wool over the professor's eyes.—College Humor.

Criticism of this column has fallen severely on our necks. It seems that the choke is on us.

After hearing Mr. Wade, the adjudicator in the recent Dramatic Festival in Calgary, we gather that Mr. Kemp's Tale were better left Untold. Nevertheless, orchids to the Varsity cast. They put on a swell show.

our public again, but the Political Science Club certainly put President Wallace on the spot when they requested his permission for this meeting. If he had refused he would have been subject to a chorus of abuse about freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and "Quaecumque Vera." And now having granted the request, we are forced to ask: "What will our public think of this, if it gets out?"

Come on, Political Science Club, let's have more meetings and better speakers. This is only your second attempt of the year, and a very feeble one at that.

## Glimpses of Present Day China

This is the third of a series of articles by a Chinese student at the University of Alberta on the present day situation in China.

## EDUCATION AND THE NEW LEARNING

In the year 1915, one of the strangest and yet one of the most significant battles in the history of China was fought. Strange because it was not a battle in which the usual implements of war were used, but pens; not between soldiers, but between groups of students; not in China, but in the American universities. Significant, because it marked the beginning of a New Learning in China. In short, it was a literary battle.

The controversy began on the question of poetic diction, and it gradually extended to the larger problem of Chinese literature. The results of this controversy were published and they formed the first declarations of a movement which brought about the literary revolution in China. In this dispute, Dr. Hu Shih, who was then a student at Cornell University, and now a member of the staff of the National University at Peiping, played a very prominent part. He exhibited keen interest in the minor problem of poetic diction which ultimately led him to see that the problem was really one of a suitable medium for all branches of Chinese literature.

Dr. Hu Shih's research for material in this controversy led him to the idea of a new language for China, one which will be the medium of a living literature of a living nation, and one which will replace the old classical language. For this new language, he proposes the "pei-hua," or the vulgar tongue of the vast majority of the population, but despised by the men of letters, the classicists. He wanted this vulgar tongue to be elevated to the position of the national language of China, to the position enjoyed by all the modern national languages in Europe.

Dr. Hu Shih's theories were published, but unfortunately, he received no support from his literary colleagues in America. They condemned his ideas as outrageous, and maintained that the vulgar language of the people, could not be used as the medium of respectable literature. Dr. Hu Shih courageously defended his position by pointing out that all the best remembered verses of the great Chinese poets, have all been written in the simplest language. But despite his strong arguments, his colleagues could not be convinced.

However, the pioneer of the New Learning was not to be defeated so easily. Dr. Hu Shih openly announced his resolution that he would henceforth write all his literary work in the "pei-hua." In the meantime, he made a thorough study of the history of Chinese literature. To his surprise he found that, in the historical development of Chinese literature, there was a continuous movement against the despotic limitations of the classical tradition; and that there was a continuous tendency to produce a literature in the language of the people. Thus fortune was on his side. His arguments for a new national literature in the spoken language of the people were strengthened by a wealth of undeniable facts of history.

Early in the year of 1917, Dr. Hu Shih published his article "Some Tentative Suggestions for the Reform of Chinese Literature." It appeared in the Chinese Students' Quarterly in America and in the monthly called "The Youth" in China. A very strange thing happened. What had failed to convince his colleagues in the American universities, was received with sympathetic response and enthusiasm in the homeland. On his return to China that same year, Dr. Hu Shih found, to his great surprise, that there was very little opposition, but on the contrary, he had gained some very influential supporters among the professors in the National University at Peiping.

The support from this university proved to be the deciding factor in this literary struggle. The literary and intellectual movements led by some professors and students, soon became acknowledged by the youth as new and welcome forces for a national emancipation. In a short time, the National University began to be looked upon by the youth of the whole nation as the center of a new enlightenment.

During the years 1919-20, some 400 small periodicals appeared, almost all of them published by the students in the different localities, and all of them in "pei-hua." The literary revolution spread like fire throughout the country; everybody was trying to express himself in this language which he could understand, and in which he could make himself understood. At last in 1920, it became recognized as the "National Language of China." Thus, in the period of a few years, the dreams of Dr. Hu Shih have been realized.

With the triumph of the New Learning, we shall now see what has been done in the field of education during the last decade. Learning is still respected in China; and illiteracy is mainly caused by the lack of opportunity due principally to the shortage of schools. Thoughtful men and women throughout the nation have realized the importance of education for the masses of the people. Thousands of teachers have been trained, while mass educational schools have been established everywhere, so that the illiterates between the ages of 16 and 60 might receive four months of schooling in simple reading and writing. Even as early as 1930, it has been estimated that over 30,000,000 people had been taught in these schools.

The whole educational movement is very admirably summed up in the following quotation from a report of the League of Nations: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that we take this opportunity of recording at this point our strong sense of the educational progress made since the Revolution... an achievement of which not all western governments have shown themselves capable."

In the next article we shall have a glimpse of the material progress that has been made since the establishment of the republic. —EDDIE Y. WING.

INTER-VARSITY NEWS  
MANITOBA

(Gateway Inter-Varsity News Service)  
(WIPU DESPATCH)

BY M. E. McINTOSH

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, Winnipeg, Feb. 7.—Don McMullen, ace columnist of the Manitoban, has been threatened with kidnapping. The letter containing this mysterious threat was left at the Manitoban office on Wednesday. The author says, "They decided too kidnapp you so as to rays sum nessessary munny in order to meet fynansheal stringinseas." What bothers us is, who would want to kidnap Don, even if he is "awfull pawpular"? The guilty party asks, "Doo you think thut tin dullurs wud bee to much?"

Saturday, February 8, is University night at the Amphitheatre rink, featuring the Varsity-Monarchs hockey game, sponsored by the Athletic Board of Control. The Brown and Gold cheer leaders will be present to do their share in leading the Varsity team to victory. The price of tickets has been lowered to thirty-five cents per couple for students.

"Ruddigore" Success  
Opening night of the U.M.S.U. Glee Club production, "Ruddigore," was a great success. Over six hundred students attended and were enthusiastic in their applause and calls for encores. Prepared by the Stage Craftsmen's Guild, the sets evoked spontaneous applause by their beauty and appropriateness. The variety and color of the costumes added much to the scenic effect.

Portrait Unveiled  
His Honor, Sir Charles Tupper, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, officiated at the unveiling of the portrait of Dr. Riddell, President of United Colleges, in Wesley College, Thursday, February 6, Mr. J. K. Sparling, as Chairman of the Board of Directors of Wesley, presided. The Mayor and Council, representatives of various religious denominations, and the sister colleges were in attendance.

Dr. Riddell came to Wesley College in 1892 as a lecturer, and eleven years later he started out on one of the most successful ventures of his career, the establishment of Alberta College in Edmonton. After spending fourteen successful years in Edmonton, Dr. Riddell assumed the presidency of Wesley College in Winnipeg.

Manitoba Debaters Win  
Manitoba's debating representatives won a two to one decision from the University of British Columbia on Friday, January 31, in the first of a series of radio debates sponsored by the Canadian Radio Commission.

Jack Sword of Education, and Charles Bishop, Senior Stick at St. John's College, successfully defeated the resolution "Resolved that Sweepstakes should be legalized in Canada."

Revenue from the Science Booster Week has proved sufficient for the establishment of a Junior division scholarship in the memory of the late Dr. S. R. Kirk, of the Geology department. It is expected that there will be enough money when the final returns are known, to provide a scholarship for several years.

New Institute Growing  
Registration in the newly-formed Institute of the University of Manitoba, which is giving instruction in seven subjects to the citizens of Winnipeg, has reached a total of two hundred and fifty.

The college man is too honest to steal, too proud to beg, too lazy to work, and too poor to pay cash. Therefore, all the credit business.

## EXCHANGE

A contemporary of ours has finally exploded the fact that bridge is a modern game. In order to do so he cites the following references made to various aspects of the game taken at random from Shakespeare.

Advice to different bidders—"Let him pass."—Merchant of Venice.

On the debated value of post-mortems—"Much virtue in it"—As You Like it.

'Tis the voice of the kibitzer—"Double, Double!"—Macbeth.

On the ancient custom of trumping the partner's ace—"A deed with out a name."—Macbeth.

The Grand Slam flabbergasts—"What, all at one fell swoop?"—Macbeth.

On the virtue of dealing an ace from under—"Bless, thee, Bottom!"—M. Night's Dream.

The sudden disastrous appearance of the ace of Spades, supposedly played previously, evokes a Scottish chortle—"Damned Spot!"—Macbeth.

Polite query when partner wastes trump on safe trick—"My Lord, do you read?"—Hamlet.

—MANITOBA.

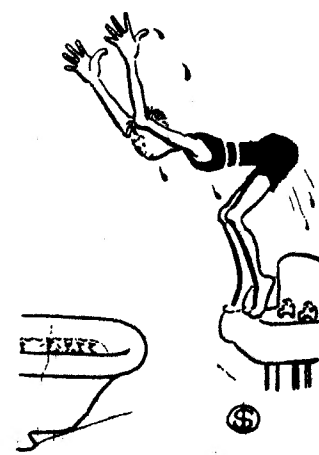
A new kind of concrete which hardens in 20 minutes has been developed by scientists. Think of the time it will save. Streets can be laid and they'll have to wait only 20 minutes now before they start tearing them up again.

—THE VARSITY.



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## CO-ED COLUMNS

## Back Stage "Mikado"

Seen behind the scenes at "The Mikado."

Friday night—Everyone nervous at the delay; Harry Prevey, on edge, trying to find his second trombone player; Jacques Silvester, deserting the orchestra? (he played the marine parade, you know) and seeking fame as an oprey star; William Stillman, kool (adv.); stagehands and electricians, splicing a broken curtain rope at the last minute; John Bradley, "getting the hook" from the third balcony backstage; the chorus, going through their routines like clockwork; after the finale, everyone, receiving bouquets.

Saturday night—The caste, consoling Lillian Bowley (Katisha) on her fire-y misfortune; reports, circulating to the effect that hundreds were being turned away; rumors, unsubstantiated, that a prominent Students' Union official was seen standing on an apple box gazing through the balcony entrance over everyone's shoulders; the Lord High Executioner (who certainly would be missed) turning a Jimmy Cagney; George Casper, giving impromptu gong effects behind the curtain; Ron Graham (Lord High Everything Else), sporting, among other things, a sore neck; after the show, various people, gathering souvenirs.

## FROTH

We have among us a budding artist of the realist school whom we firmly believe will sooner or later make Gertrude Stein look to her laurels. He seems somewhat bashful so we won't give you his name—just a sample of his work. It is rather tersely entitled, "Poem," and goes like this:

"Love is like a red, red rose.  
(Plagiarism.)  
Who knows?  
I don't.  
I have never had love.  
Why haven't I?  
I don't know.  
Why should I?  
Love makes the world go round.  
Does it?  
Maybe it does.  
Maybe it makes it go flat.  
I don't know.  
I wonder if I should.  
Will anyone ever love me?  
Should they?  
Why?  
Will I ever love anyone?  
I wonder.  
I suppose I will.  
It's inevitable.  
Is it?  
Love is necessary for a happy world.  
Who says so?  
Everyone.  
Maybe there is something to this love."  
Anyone wishing to know the identity of this poet (?) may have same by applying to the author of this column.

## ON THE CHIME-CLOCK

Chime, chime,  
Chronos,  
Old age and Time  
Creep upon us.  
Yet your soft tongue  
Speaks words as young  
As any the first poet ever sung.

Mock, mock,  
Your hourly scorn,  
Old clock!  
You too were born,  
Your fate will be the same,  
You—any my rotting frame—  
—ISADOR N. DUBIN.

## RIALTO

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CARTOON \*  
Happy Butterfly

## Festival Notes

Once again the Alberta Regional Dramatic Festival has come and gone. This year, bigger and better than ever, both from the standpoint of the quality of the plays produced, and the interest of the public. In spite of -30 weather, the Grand theatre was filled to capacity on Thursday and Saturday evenings, with only the undesirable seats uncoccupied on Friday. Which is testimony to the work of the Extension Department of the University, aided by the Carnegie Fund, in making this province "dramatic conscious."

Allan Wade, the adjudicator from London, England, was either less technically critical than previous adjudicators, or the standard set locally, due to the work of the Drama School, and the experience of seven years in competing groups, has become such that the essentials of stage production and acting technique are well known, and not obvious "gaucheries" are committed. Mr. Wade's only edge of irritation concerned a wig used in a Barrie play, which he thought (and we agree) "quite the worst imaginable."

Are one-act playwrights partial to men? There were 30 male characters, and 13 female in the plays presented; two casts were entirely male.

In spite of which fact, the dramatic highlight of the Festival was the work of Alice Dowdie, as Peppita, in the play, "To Die With a Smile," put on by the Cardston players. This little group, in two cars and with a truck load of scenery, left Cardston at 7 o'clock in the morning to drive to Calgary in -30 weather. They took 12 hours. Peppita was absolutely exhausted when her makeup was being put on, but she gave the most spirited performance of the Festival, abandoning herself completely in the role of a Spanish Gypsy, and outbalancing in emotional height and depth, any other single performance. Real trouping, what?

The adjudicator was critical of the choice of the U. of A. play "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," as a Festival play—maintaining that it did not contain enough human realism to make it credible. As was also his criticism of the Mount Royal college play, he felt the casts did not so much act their parts, as "recite them beautifully." May we pause here to reflect; College living is in a sense unreal living; a student with five college years experience, is less able to interpret depths and nuances of human experience, than an individual of the same age and ability who has been facing the problems of existence during those years on a larger scale. All the rather artificial experiences within a college environment, including young love, don't make a "sophisticated" or "an eternity of experience." Yet university students have a penchant for choosing plays which predicate a maturity of understanding and experience.

The first and second choices for the Festival, "Literature" by Arthur Schnitzler, put on by the Edmonton Little Theatre, and "They Refuse to Be Resurrected" by the Calgary Theatre Guild, were perfectly produced and acted. Both were artistic delights. The first play, timeless in its appeal, had preference. "They Refuse to Be Resurrected" with references to Shaw, Coward and O'Neill, will not have the same meaning 30 years from now, according to the adjudicator.

The third ranking, "What Never Dies," by the Innisfail group was beautifully contrasted in characterization, and sufficed only from occasional inaudibility.

It was a grand Festival.

Your Bookshelf  
Not For Heaven

By Dorothy McCreary

I am going to commend to you as to every person I meet—I feel like stopping the wayfarer on the public street—a book, a novel I have just finished reading. It is not new, about a year old and proves again how the rarest flowers are born to bluish un- seen, for there has been no fanfare about it at all, that I have seen. Only the word "bluish" is a wrong one altogether to use in connection with Mrs. Bostwick of NOT FOR HEAVEN. Mrs. Bostwick was never guilty of a bluish in all her life.

NOT FOR HEAVEN is the sort of book that will come into prominence by word of mouth. That is, one delighted acquaintance of Mrs. Bostwick will tell a friend about her, and she will begin to spread over the countryside in that sure way. And everyone who tells anyone about her will have made a fast friend by so doing.

At present I wouldn't give Mrs. Bostwick for a dozen Babbitts nor imitation Babbitts. I wouldn't, in fact, give her up for anything now that I have found her. She loved to grow juicy, brittle radishes, the best carrots anyone ever ate, beautiful beets and lettuce and so on. And she was a little daff about pansies and as for her horse, old Ned, she thought far more of him than she did of her son and daughter. Mrs. Bost-

## EDITORIAL

There is an old proverb that "the wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the grease," which expresses, in a rude manner, a real truth. It is a fact that progress comes only when people become dissatisfied with things as they are. As long as the world was satisfied with the light provided by candles, then no new methods of lighting were discovered. It was when someone was discontented with this that kerosene lamps were developed, and further discontent produced the electric bulb. Also, it is only when enough individuals protest against the wrongs and injustices of our present social and economic order that we can look for improvement. In truth, protest is necessary to progress.

Protests against the management of student affairs in our own institution; protests against the students' newspaper—these are valuable, for they are necessary to progress.

However, the wheel in the proverb is an inanimate thing, and speaking against a wrong condition is the limit of its ability. Human beings are given a certain freedom to will and to act, and so they are able to exert an effort in changing a situation, as well as to protest against it. Thus criticism can, and must, become constructive, for in that lies its real value. Dissatisfaction with the light was not enough in itself; it required someone's constructive effort before any improvement was made.

Even so, dissatisfaction with student affairs must not end in protest, but demands rather that those who see faults should freely offer any abilities they may possess to rectify them. In the wider and infinitely more important field of social and economic relations there is necessary protest, accompanied by constructive action.

University students pride themselves upon the possession of an intelligence above the average. If this is so, it implies a greater responsibility to lead.

Actions speak louder than words, "The wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the grease."

## SKI-HIGH

They tell me that skiing began in Norway or Sweden (or somewhere) but I strongly suspect it was introduced into Alberta by some co-ed that looked cute in her outfit! Really, I can't help feeling smart and ready to go, in a ducky pair of slacks, a furry jacket, and a toque with one of those—oh, so big, tassels. Well anyway, after all these italics, I might as well break down and confide my tale of woe.

Having been fooled by the mirror, and a friend who does, into thinking I could ski, I start out gaily with the idea that two pieces of wood shouldn't be too hard to stay on! What a hope! Despite the fact that there are ski poles to right of me, and ski poles to left of me, I wobble and blunder; there seems to be no reason why I can't swing along smoothly and lithely (a word which is in greater demand since skiing started) like my friend, but all I can achieve is a series of jerks, with wavings of the female form backwards and forwards at every step. A slight twinges of—no, it couldn't be pain—creeps into the back of my leg, but I must have done that yesterday, it couldn't be this delightful sport—oh no!

Finally after much weaving and squirming we arrive at what my friend "the skier" calls a slight incline, she proceeds to sail easily down and shouts cheerfully for me to come on. (I might remark that the slight incline appears like the precipice of Niagara Falls to me, but being a daughter of the old school—never say die—I grin bullishly and make a tentative move towards the precipice.) But "shucks" this move was too tentative, so the next step is a little more venturesome. That does it! God's gift to Nature is now proceeding at a rapid pace down the incline with one ski heading east and the other west! However, I can't say I proceeded far, it becomes a case of "back to the vile snow from whence she sprung" for the rest of the day.

After several experiences like this I am just in the mood to listen to hymns of praise in honor of the time-worn sport—sure, I like to fly through the air, but give me a good safe trapeeze!—H.M.

wick would never take a bath unless cornered in front of the tub. She loved taffy and she had her illusions about the past but she was no romantic. In fact, she was and will remain a genuine pagan, not one of those shoddy, reeking modern pagans but a genuine one close to the beginning of time and as natural as a fine-grained, sweet turnip or whatever kind of good vegetable they had in those days of naturalism.

I won't give Mrs. Bostwick away any further. If you are of her breed and want to know her you'll find her out for yourself.

## WE WANT MOTION PICTURES

(The Minnesota Daily)  
For several years foreign movies have been shown irregularly on the campus by the visual education department. The films, selected for their outstanding qualities have been of a much higher calibre than the average domestic product from Hollywood.

The language department have shown interest; the speech department profited by it.

In this matter again Alberta remains way behind.—Recently an exceptionally fine motion picture on a Canadian theme, "Maria Chapdelaine," was shown at all the universities throughout Canada, from U.N.B. to U.B.C.—of course excluding Alberta.—Since, it has been viewed at numerous American universities and everywhere widely acclaimed as a masterpiece.

Alberta stands out by its uniqueness in not sponsoring educational talks. Are we backward?

## CONVERSATION AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

Conversation is an art to be learned. Like the appreciation of Gertrude Stein it is a gift, it cannot be acquired. Even if it could be acquired it were best left alone, for no amount of practice would ever enable the aspirant to achieve the brilliant banality requisite in the tet-a-tet of undergraduates. "Why can't you let it alone," said Lord Melbourne of a matter, perhaps no weightier in the long run. It is applicable here. None would dream of interfering with the daily drone of voices over Tuck Shop coffee. No one, after two hours of it, though would every again have the temerity to suggest that nature abhors a vacuum.

But the best conversations, like the best lectures, are those which are half heard. That great instrument for time wasting, long rolling, back biting, cajoling, whispering, threatening and insinuating, the wit, the telephone—man's gift to the rubberneck is the despair to the eaves-dropper.—Listening unwillingly to the burlesks and giggles of Pembina's siren, the impression grows and will not be denied that somewhere far in the distant snow stands over a receiver, the re-incarnation of Augustan wit. But where? where? The re-incarnate must have also the power of invisibility—for his Presena, however august, is never revealed. The sense of despair only deepens and grows mellow when one observes the hulks of men who stoop and hunch over cafeteria tables and between gulps of diluted caffeine make pronouncements on the great affairs of state—yesterday's scandal and the wrath to come.—Well the Tuck Shop is obviously not the place, the endless dissertations of sophomoric wits indicative of Palladin—oil burning but not much else, the feathery flutterings of campus queens—the austere and pipeful returns of the strong, silent male—all these things drive us once more into the snow—with lantern and tub—to find a conversational male.

Perhaps between lectures in the Arts rotunda the sought one will emerge repleant. In that boiling mass of bustling humanity whose brains are just coasting to a stop after having been artificially speeded up in a lecture room, perhaps for one brief expiring moment the spark of wit will send up a tiny flicker. For ten burning minutes the conversation rages about the impossible making of 8:30's, "wooziness" from the night before—the bus service, and the identity of Picador.—"Well, conversation is here or nowhere," we cried, and threw ourselves into it with all the ingenuousness and hope of a novice.—One must not be finicky in these matters.—Nothing really happens at first but as argument grows and eloquence and wit seem just around the corner we begin to hope that something will come with fine suddenness. It does—the bell rings and the conversation smoulders and dies. "Consumed with that which it was nourished by."

Futility! But we are suddenly reminded that where love is, man is at his best, and we hie away to sitting room number one of Pembina—here we should discover floods or at least turgid streams of eloquence. We peer past that irresistible never-quite-drawn curtain. Two disconsolate figures on the chesterfield "they were alone but not alone as they who shut in chambers think it loneliness"—no sparkling, scintillating repartee here— they merely sit and listen to the shrieked banalities on the other side of the curtain.

With sagging curtains we plunge again into the snow and icy blast still in search of that "demed elusive" Intelligent Male!

## CORRESPONDENCE

University Campus,  
February 11, 1936.  
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir—Loathe as I am to inflict further details of the Samuels-Malone controversy on the student body through the correspondence columns of The Gateway, I should like to ask Mr. Samuels how he knew I discovered "to my unique surprise that all the statements regarding the writer (Mr. R. J. Samuels) were totally incorrect and unwarranted."

As I recall, in my first "literary opus" I made several statements which involved Mr. Samuels incidentally and did not trouble, as he seems to believe, to write a letter to The Gateway concerning him. This, I trust, I shall never do.

In regard to Mr. Samuels' knowledge about my "discovery," I must express unique surprise because to the best of my knowledge, sub-conscious or otherwise, there has been no discovery. Thanking you, Sir, and asking patience on the part of the student body, I remain sincerely yours,

PAUL MALONE.

February 5, 1936.  
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir—A national conference of students was held at Toronto on December 30th and 31st of last year at which the "Canadian Student Peace Movement" was formed. The objective of the new organization is to co-ordinate the activities of students throughout Canada in their efforts for world peace. At this conference were present delegates from universities in Eastern Canada and as far west as the University of Manitoba.

Our immediate objectives for the remainder of the session are:

I) To set up Student Peace Movements on all Canadian campuses, or co-operate with bodies already existing for such a purpose.

II) To prepare for a National Peace hour for students in March.

III) To publish a monthly bulletin containing information pertaining to the Movement.

IV) To send as large a delegation as possible to the annual meeting of the League of Nations Society at Ottawa next May.

V) To send a representative Canadian delegation to Geneva next summer for the World Youth Conference on Peace.

In order to attain our ends we need the full support of Canadian students in all parts of the Dominion, and in particular of those in whose hands are the organs of student opinion. We welcome suggestions and criticisms from students individually and in organized groups. To this end, we would greatly appreciate publication of this letter.

Cordially yours,  
WESLEY H. BRADLEY,  
National Secretary.

NOT SO STRANGE  
February 5, 1936.  
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir—On perusing this Tuesday's edition of your paper, I observed an article entitled "Froth," wherein a sentimental young lady became reminiscent over past valentines. After reading said article I am convinced that dictators will rule the world in the very near future, because Roman-

Art-Med Tunnel

It was thirty below, with a two-mile an hour wind that we would have sworn to be at least fifteen. We ran as quickly as possible from the Med to the Arts, to be in for the nine-thirty. There were scores of equally hurried students rushing in the opposite direction. Once inside the building we stamped about the halls, grumbling.

"Isn't this weather the weeds? When do you think it's going to let up? Why wasn't the University built in Southern Alberta, where there is a chinook occasionally?"

"I say, how about drawing up some recommendations for a few changes about here? How about an escalator between the Arts and Med?"

"Or an elevated railway," suggested another, entering in the spirit of the thing.

"No, I think a shute-the-shute from the third floor Med to the Arts basement would be quickest."

"I would beg to offer a suggestion," said one student in the manner of Pooh-Bah. "An underground tunnel with speeders, a double track we'd need. That could be arranged, don't you think; they could follow the lines of the heating system, and take in all the buildings—residences included."

"Who would like to suggest this to the Board of Governors?" asked one in the melancholy tones of one who would say: "Who would like to bell the cat?"

We all heaved a sigh. "I guess we were born thirty years too soon."

BONERS  
Socrates was a heavy drinker of hemlock and in time it corrupted his morals.

The sea-port of Athens is Pyrrhoea. The Nile inundation was regulated by the Oracle of Delphi.

The writing of ancient Egypt was called hydraulics.

The Kaffirs of Africa are a very strange race. In times of war, they beat their tum-tums and can be heard for miles.

icism is not dead, rather, it has taken a firm hold on our twentieth century supposed pragmatists. What could be more indicative of the fact, than that The Gateway, a student organ, a paper published in a university which stresses the sciences rather than the humanities designs to take cognizance of the antique and quaint custom which is practised every fourteenth day of February, that of sending valentines to one's secret passion?

It has been hinted abroad that for the first time in history, Big Tuck is bountifully supplied, in answer to the demand, with the proper medium by which to convey to the object of adoration, the symptoms of cardiacal disturbance, incident to the time of year. So for the small sum of five cents, one may purchase a beautiful love token. I expect to see many of these on the campus which will be treasured in cedar chests (not necessarily of the lane variety), and be daintily per-fumed—later to be brought forth and conned over on hot days in the cool evening of life.

Think of it! This sophisticated University going romantic! We, who through the purging light of knowledge are not supposed to be swayed by our passion, but are to judge all things, animate as well as inanimate, in the light of clear, cold reason.

Wouldn't it be strange to see the misogynistic President of the Students' Union sending out valentines from which beam his blond and angelic countenance?—Oh, those should be treasured!!!

Now there are those of us who, remembering that this is the Year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-six, will say that this sudden romantic movement receives its impetus from the fair sex, who are generally thought to be emotionally unstable. If this is the case, the Union President will possibly need a round dozen of cedar chests all to himself, to take care of the veritable bombardment of amorous missives which probably will assail him. (Far be it from me to suggest that the pose of being a misogynist provides lure!)

With this thought I close—what is to become of the higher learning of our institution?

Yours truly,  
AN ASTOUNDED ASPIRANT  
AFTER ERUDITION.

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## THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Friday, Feb. 12, 13, 14—Warner Oland in "Chrille Chan's Secret."  
EMPRESS THEATR Thurs., Friday, Sat., Feb. 13, 14, 15—Edward Everett Horton in "Your Uncle Dudley" and JoNe Wayne in "Desert Trail."  
PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Friday, Feb. 12, 13, 14—Bing Crosby in "Two For Tonight" and William Boyd in "The Eagle's Brood."  
RIALTO THEATRE, Now Showing—Richard Arlen in "The Calling of Dan Matthews."

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# SASKATCHEWAN PLAYS HERE THIS WEEKEND

## ATHLETICS

### Bear Scores Made in First Six Minutes

Outplay the Huskies in Saturday Game

#### PENALTIES FREQUENT

(Continued from Page 1)

In the second period Saskatchewan began to open up, and in a return rush Ard bagged the Huskies' opener alone. Although hampered by three penalties, the Huskies held the Golden Bears at Bay with strong defensive play and fast, smooth offensive tactics. Alberta outskated but did not outplay Saskatchewan.

#### Third Period Fast

The third period opened with fast end-to-end play and nice goaling. Pressing the play with repeated drives, Saskatchewan began a scoring march. Early in the period Garvie picked up a pass from Ard, and put it in. Alberta retaliated, and for a third of the period there was strong hockey played on both sides. But the Bruins were weakening, and with all men on resorted to shooting up the ice repeatedly. Scratch scored on an assist from Parres to tie the score, and the crowd went wild. The final counter came in the next play with Denton going up to flip one in past Tallman.

Parres and Carter replaced Jonsson and Wilson in the lineup. Saskatchewan got the bulk of the score and the penalties, getting seven of the thirteen given during the game.

Saturday, Feb. 8  
(Special to The Gateway)  
The University of Alberta Golden Bears retained their lead in the Hal-



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### SPORTING SLANTS

Hugh J. MacDonald

The drawing card this week in Varsity sporting circles is the Women's Intercollegiate basketball on Friday and Saturday nights. This is the girls' big series of the season, and promises to be one of the most interesting features of the term. Both teams can put up a tough battle, and will be out to give all they have for a win. A house dance, probably the last of the year, has been arranged for after Saturday's game. Better come to the game and stay for the dance.

Since its organization, the Fencing Club has really caught the fancy of the students. In fact, so many have desired to enroll that the club has been forced to close its membership due to lack of floor space. Although our knowledge of fencing is very slight, we have no difficulty in appreciating why it is so popular. It is hard to imagine any individual sport that offers finer opportunities for exercise and training.

These Alberta boxers are attracting much attention. With hard work and Wally Beaumont's able coaching, they have made great strides and are constantly improving. Those who like a real fistic show with a little "grab and grunt" are reminded to keep the last Saturday of the month free.

All hail to our hockey team. Words here are useless—read the columns. Who said we didn't have a winning team?

#### IRENE BARNETT



Will be seen in action Friday and Saturday

#### FENCING CLUB ACTIVE ON CAMPUS

One of Few Self-Supporting Clubs in University

#### LARGE ENROLMENT

The very enthusiastic reception that the newly-formed Fencing Club has been accorded leaves no doubt in our mind that student spirit with respect to athletics is far from becoming extinct. The club has reached such proportions that it has become necessary to bar new members. The executive were forced to refuse admission to at least 25 members because of limited facilities. To date the total membership is 40, a number which takes up all the space in the gym.

It seems that students wish to enter a field of sports where they feel that they are taking an integral part in the action. Unlike basketball and hockey, where all the individuals partaking are interdependent upon one another, fencing enables the individual to be entirely independent. He is thus thrown on his own resources to bring to the fore all his wit, speed, strength and skill.

Under the skilful guidance of Mr. Wetterburg, the members have already mastered most of the fundamental groundwork which is so important for balance and rhythm of combat.

When one realizes that this three weeks old club has already purchased expensive equipment, and unlike other organizations maintained by Students' Union grants, is entirely self-supporting, it is very obvious that student interest in sport is far from being dead.

#### VARSITY ATHLETES IN PROV. TOURNEY

#### PLAYERS DO WELL

Three in Finals—Mitchell and Aitken Win Honors

Members of the Varsity Badminton Club in the Provincial Tournament ranked high, winning straight through in two events, the mixed doubles and women's doubles.

Fraser Mitchell with his sister Barbara "went to town" to win the crown after a well fought battle. Fraser, one of the outstanding players on the Varsity Club, whaled the shuttle to bring one victory to the campus.

Peggy Aitken, former champion, performed well, only accepting defeat in the finals in the ladies' singles. Teamed with Mrs. Vic Johnson, Peggy was victorious in the ladies' doubles over Barbara Mitchell and Doreen Clapperton.

#### INTERFACULTY BASKETBALL

Coached by George Walker, the Frosh A team has a jump on the interfac up to date. However, from seeing the teams in action in the twelve remaining games to be played there will be plenty of action. Just now it would seem as if the three teams to be striving for the top berth in the league are Frosh A, Engineers and Meds.

The Ags, last year's champs, do not seem to have the smooth, slicking aggregate that they had last year to take the honors in the league.

In the Law Faculty, this is an especially notable year, as for the first time the lawyers have entered a team, and with plenty of pep, enthusiasm, ambition, and not much practice, they have split even in the games so far.

The Pharm-Com and the Arts team do not seem to have the potency to get them to the top, but they are still in there fighting, and with a few breaks may yet get within striking distance of the top.

#### Schedule

Tuesday, Feb. 11—  
8 o'clock—Ags vs. Arts.  
9 o'clock—P.C. vs. Meds.  
10 o'clock—Frosh A vs. Engineers.  
Thursday, Feb. 13—  
7:30—Ags vs. Pharm-Com.  
8:30—Eng. vs. Med.  
9:30—Law vs. Arts.  
Twelve games yet to be played.

#### Standing

	P.	W.	L.
Frosh A	4	4	0
Frosh B	4	0	4
Ags	2	0	4
Arts	2	0	2
Med	3	2	1
Law	2	1	1
Eng.	3	3	0
Pharm-Com	2	1	1

#### SASK. YELL

For the Coming Games Friday and Saturday

The Alberta girls want the crowd to aid them in welcoming the visitors by giving their yell:

Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan,  
Saskatchewan, Var-si-ty,  
Hi hickety-ki-yi  
Hi hickety-ki  
Deo patrie, Deo patrie  
The Green The White,  
Ki-mianichee,  
SSSSKATCHEWAN!

### Women Cagers Travel West For Final Play

ALBERTA TEAM TO PLAY FOR CECIL RACE TROPHY

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Saskatchewan girls are coming Friday! For the first time in years our ladies' basketball team are acting as hosts to the girls from our sister University. Reports from Saskatoon tell us that the visitors have a strong basketball team. Not only are they good athletes, but they are also very fair to look upon.

#### In Excellent Condition

The Alberta team is the best in years. Recently in a game against the famed "Gradettes," the Varsity girls gave the overtown squad one of the finest games of the season. The collegians have been working hard in preparation for the coming game, "Jake" has spent a great deal of time in training and coaching the team, and the games Friday and Saturday promise to be a real attraction.

#### Trophy at Stake

The Cecil Race trophy, emblematic of ladies' western intercollegiate basketball supremacy, will be the prize sought. The local team feel sure that they will be able to keep the cup to grace our halls.

#### How They Look

Irene Barnett—Centre, 5ft. 8in.; best shot on team; good ball handler and playmaker. With last year's U. of A. team.

Jean Cogswell—Forward, 5ft. 6in.; sure shot, has developed into good team player; only fault is under-estimation of her own ability. Experience in Edmonton Inter-city League.

Amy Cogswell—Forward, 5ft. 3in.; good all round player; very energetic. With last year's U. of A. team.

Winnie Algar—Forward, 5ft. 1in.; very fast and tricky ball handler; a real thorn in the side of the opposing team. Played last year with U. of A.

Joan Hudson—Forward, 5ft. 6in.; developing fast into a fine playmaker; from Field, B.C. Played with Varsity Intermediates.

Gay Ross—Guard, 6ft. 6½in.; a tower of strength to the team; a very good steady influence; a scoring threat. Played with U. of A. Seniors.

Evelyn Barnett—Guard, 5ft. 5½in.; a capable running mate for Gay Ross; has improved enormously since Xmas. Played with U. of A. Seniors in '33-'34.

Catherine Rose—Guard, 5ft. 6in.; a keen student of the game; very reliable

#### CAPTAIN



GAY ROSS  
Leader of Varsity squad

on defence. Played in Crow's Nest League.

Rosamund Dobson—Guard, 5ft. 6in.; has made rapid strides lately; developing a good eye for the basket; will see plenty of action in the Saskatchewan series. Played with Edmonton Normal.

Belva Bailey—Guard and forward, 5ft. 2½in.; a very capable player, who fits well into both positions. Attendance is limited—get your tickets early.

The Philharmonic Society party has been postponed till Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:15 o'clock. Members and friends cordially invited.

#### Little Bit Independent!

Along with wondering what the governor of something-or-other said to the governor of whatzit, one of our greatest puzzles has been just what goes on in a sorority house.

Helpfully, the following list, from down Texas way, gives an idea of what they don't do:

#### House Regulations

1. Girls will please wear BOTH stockings when entertaining gentlemen callers, except on Sundays and holidays.

2. Girls are ABSOLUTELY NOT to date ditch diggers, college boys or other riff-raff.

3. Do not run your hand through your boy friend's hair and then wipe it on the wallpaper. Even dogs have pretty hair.

4. Always turn out lights a 9 o'clock even if your visitor doesn't leave. We must cut down expenses.

5. Don't sit on your date's lap. It puts wrinkles in your dress.

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